

Thomas Hardy
24 Dull Lyric Poems

After the Burial

The family had buried him,
Their bread ^{bringer} ~~bringer~~, their best:

They had returned to the house, whose hush a dim
Vague vacancy ^{expressed} ~~expressed~~.

There sat his ^{sons} ~~boys~~, mute, rigid-faced,
His daughters, strained, red-eyed,
His wife, whose wan worn features, vigil-traced,
Bent over him when he died.

At once a peal burst from the bells
Of a tower that rose hard by;
Along the street the jocund clangour swells,
And upward to the sky.

^{Probably} ~~About~~ ~~likely~~ it was a wedding-peal,
Or possibly for a birth,
Or townsman knighted for political zeal,
This resonant mark of mirth.

The women, heavy browed, sat on
Motionless. Well they heard,
They could not keep it; nevertheless none
Spoke not a single word,

Not window did they close, to dumb
The bells' insistent calls
To joy; but suffered ^{harassing} the din to come ~~disturbant~~
And ^{penetrate} ~~assault~~ their souls

Thomas Hardy.

Domicilium [^{earliest known} T. Hardy's ^{first} production in verse]
 (original written between 1857 and 1860)
 This being a copy, some years later.

It faces west, and round the back and sides
 High beeches, ^{growing} ~~beside~~, hang a veil of boughs
 And sweep against the roof. Wild honeysuckles
 Climb on the walls, and seem to ^{sprout} ~~spring~~ a wish
 (If we may fancy wish of trees and plants)
 To overtop the apple-trees hard by.

Red roses, lilacs, variegated box
 Are there in plenty, and such hardy flowers
 As flourish best untrained. Adjoining these
 Are herbs and esculents; and farther still
 A field; then cottages with trees, and last
 The distant hills and sky.

Behind, the scene is wilder. Heath and furze
 Are everything that seems to grow and thrive
 Upon the uneven ground. A stunted thorn
 Stands here and there indeed; and from a pit
 An oak uprises, springing from a seed
 Dropped by some bird a hundred years ago.

In ^{days} ~~years~~ by-gone -
 Long gone - my father's mother who is now
 Blest with the blest, would take me out to walk.
 At such a time I once inquired of her
 How looked the spot when first she settled here.
 The answer I remember. "Fifty years
 Have passed since then, my child, and change has marked
 The face of all things. Yonder garden plots
 And orchards were uncultivated slopes
 O'ergrown with bramble bushes, furze, and thorn;
 The road a narrow path shut in by ferns,
 Which, almost trees, obscured the passer by.
 Our house stood quite alone, and those tall firs
 And beeches were not planted. Snakes and efts
 Swarmed in the summer days, and nightly bats
 Would fly about our bedrooms. Heath-croppers
 Lived on the hills, and were our only friends;
 So wild it was when first we settled here. T. H.

After the Burial

The family had buried him,
their bread ^{bringer} ~~bringer~~, their best:

Then had returned to the house, whose hush a dim

Ridge Draft of Robert Keaton

poem See The Early Life

not included in Collected Poems

[E. HANDY, MEM. COLLECTION]

The Clasped Skeletons.

Submitted date

Reputed 1800 B. C.

(In an Ancient British Barrow near the writer's house)

O why did we uncover to view
So closely clasped a pair?
You chalky bedclothes over you,
This long time there!

Ere Paris lay with Helena —
The world's ^{poetry} ~~so~~ ^{dearest} famous Fair —
Ere David bedded Bathsheba,
You two were bedded ^{here} there.

Aye, even before the beauteous Jael
Rode ^{Ride} Sisera, ^{off his gear} ~~in a snare~~
And ^{in her tent} ~~to lie with her~~; then drove ^{the} a nail;
You two lay ^{here} there.

Wicked Aholah in her youth,
Colled ^{Loves from far & near} ~~lovers~~ to spare,
Until they slew her without ruth;
But you had long colled ^{here} there.

Aspasia lay with Pericles;
And Philip's ^{son, war-dear,} ~~companion~~ ^{here}
Much loved to lie on Thais' knees
Since you lay ^{while} ^{here} there.

Cleopatra

After the Burial

The family had buried him,
their bread ^{bringer} ~~winner~~, their best:

Cleopatra with Antony
 (who all for love could dare)
 Lay, fatuous he, insatiate she,
 Long after you lay ^{here} there.

Pilate by Procula his wife
 Lay ^{tossing} ~~sleeping~~ at her prayer
 In pleading for
 To him to save an innocent life;
 But you ^{tossed not here} ~~stayed there~~.

Ages before Monk Abelard
 Of Heloise grew aware,
 And loved, & lay with her till scared,
 Had you lain loving ^{here} there.

— So long, beyond chronology,
 Lovers in death as 'twere,
 So long, in plain dignity,
 Have you lain ^{here} there!

Yet what is length of time? But dream!
 Once ^{breathed this atmosphere} moved in earth ~~here~~
 Those fossils near you, met the gleam
 Of day as you did ^{here} there;

But so ^{far} ~~much~~ earlier their beside
 You ^{life-span & career} ~~day & what it bore~~,
 That they might style of yesterday
 You coming ^{here} there!

After the Burial

The family had buried him,
their bread ^{bringer} ~~bringer~~, their best:

Rough Draft of poem in winter words.
Source of Request unknown
Possibly F.H. Allen Collection

Haunting
The Dead Fingers.

Sent to New Republic
Nov. 7. 1921.

A ^{bit} Fantasy in a Museum of Musical Instruments.

"Are you awake,
Comrades, this silent night?
Well 'twere if all of our glossy gluey make
Lay in the damp without, & fell to fragments quite!"

"O viol, my friend,
I ^{watch} ~~sleep~~ not, though ^{Phosphor} ~~dark~~ nears,
And I fain would drowse away to its utter end
This dumb dark storage after our loud melodious years!"

And they felt, past handlers clutch them,
Though none was in the room,
Old players' dead fingers touch them,
Shrunk in the tomb.

[no underlining]

"'Cello, good mate,
You speak my mind as yours:
Doomed to this voiceless, crippled, corpse-like state,
Who here of Ariel lineage
What vibrant frame so trapped & ~~stagnant~~ long endures?"

"Once I could thrill
The populace through & through,
Wake them to passioned pulsings past their will"...
(A contrabasso spoke so, & the rest sighed anew.)

And they felt ~~dead~~ ^{old muscles} ~~fingers~~ travel
Over their tense contours,
(Long) And with ~~old~~ skill unravel
Cunningest scores.

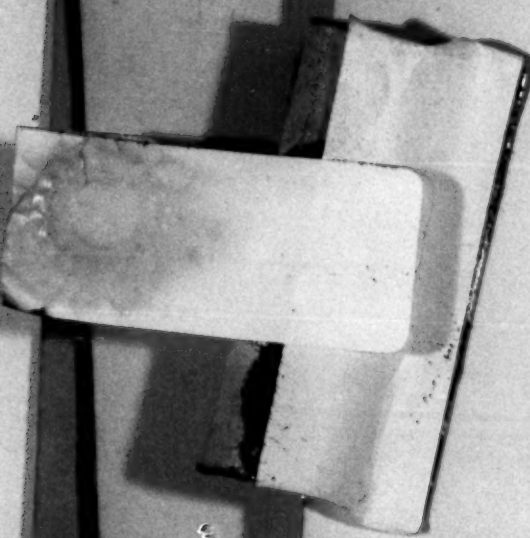
"The tender pat
Of her ^{very} ~~dead~~ finger-tips
Upon me daily — I rejoiced thereat!"
(Thuswise a harpsichord, as from dampened lips.)

"My keys

"an aion
in an hour."

After the Burial

He was buried him



"My keys' white shine,
Now sallow, met a hand
Even whiter Jones of hers fell forth with mine
In sowings of sound so sweet no lover could withstand!"

And its ~~claviers~~ ^{claviers} was filmed
with fingers
Like ~~weak wagg~~ ^{tapering flames} flames in the air ~~was cold~~
Or ~~a phosphorus~~ ^{phosphorus} ~~glow~~ that lingers
In charnel mould

"Eager than most
"Was I," reverberated a drum; (hurrahs!)
"The regiments, marchings, throngs, what a host
I stirred - even when crape mufflings gagged me well-nigh dumb!"

Trilled an aged viol:
"Much tune have I set free
To spur the dance, since my first timid trial
Where I had birth - far hence, in sun-swept Italy!"

And he feels the ~~dead fingers~~ ^{apt touches} on him
Of those who pressed him then;
Who ~~then~~ seem with their glance to con him,
Saying, "Not again!"

"A holy calm."
Mourning a shawm's voice subdued,
"Would steep ^{ceasing} my rhythms when Sabbath hymn & psalm
Poured from devout souls met in ^{Sabbath} ~~weekly~~ sanctitude."

"I faced the sock
Nightly," (twanged a sick lyre)
"Over ranked lights! O charm of life in mock,
O scenes that fed love, hope, wit, rapture, mirth, desire!"

Thus they, till each ~~best~~ ^{past} player
Stroked thinner & more thin,
And the morning sky grew grayer,
And Day ~~came~~ ^{came} in.

"an aion
in an hour."

After the Burial

The family had buried him,
their bread ^{bringer} ~~winner~~, their best:

Rough Draft of poem in

Late Lyrics & Earlier

Source of request unknown.

Possibly FEH Mem. Collection

To meet or Otherwise

Whether to rally & see thee, girl of my dreams,
Or whether to stay
And see thee not! How vast the difference seems
Of Yea from Nay
Just now. Yet this same sun will slant its beams
At no far day
On our two mounds, & then what will the difference weigh!

Yet I will see thee, maiden dear, & make
The most I can
Of what remains to us amid this brake
Cimmerian
Through which we grope, & from whose thorns we ache,
While still we scan
Round our frail faltering progress for some path or plan.

My briefest

7
By briefest meeting something sure is won;
It will have been
Nor God nor Demon can undo the done,
Unright be seen,
Make muted music be as unbegun,
Though things tenene
Glean in their bondage till oblivion supervene.

So, to the one long-sweeping symphony
From times remote
Till now, of human tenderness, shall we
Supply one note,
Small & untraced, yet that will ever be
Somewhere afloat
Amid the spheres, as part of sick life's antidote.

Thomas Hardy.

After the Burial

The family had buried him,
bringer

Fair copy of poem in Satires of Circumstances

F.E. Hardy Memorial Collection

The poem was addressed to
her or possibly this

Fair copy was made
for her.

2nd copy in Yale University
Library

THREE POEMS IN MOMENTS OF VISION

(Rough drafts) 1917

Magdalene College, Camb.

(Manuscript volume)

H/1957.39.6	The House of Silence	1913	(p.445)	<u>Collected Poems</u>
.7	I thought, my Heart	1913	(p.481)	" "
.8	Old Excursions	1913	(p.489)	" "

that meet mankind in his ages seven —
 an aion
 a universe in an hour.

After the Burial
The family had buried him,
bringer

Colleg. Ps - music.

in that area
Long teams of -----
his eyes

[Printed in "Moments of Vision"]

"I thought, my Heart."

The House of Silence

"That is a quiet place —
That house in the trees with the shady lawn."
— If, child, you knew what there goes on
You would not call it a quiet place.
Why, a phantom abides there, the last of its race,
And a brain spins there till dawn."

"But I see nobody there, —
Nobody moves about the green,
Or wanders the heavy trees between."
— Ah, that's because you ^{do not bear} ~~are not aware~~
~~of the visioning powers of souls who dare~~
~~to pierce the material screen.~~
~~That is why you have been~~

"Morning, noon, & night,
Mid those funereal shades that seem
The uncanny scenery of a dream.
Figures dance to a mind with sight,
And ^{music &} laughter ~~comes~~ like floods of light,
~~And~~ ^{shake} all the precincts gleam."

"It is a poet's bower,
Through which there pass, in long arrays,
Processions of all the years & days,
Of joys & sorrows, of earth & heaven,
That meet mankind in his ages seven —
^{an aion} ~~A universe~~ in an hour."

9.66.1537/H



After the Burial
The family had buried him.

Collec. Ps - music.

[A Duplicate page of the MS. of Moments of Vision]

[Printed in "moments of Vision"]

"I thought, my Heart."

I thought, my Heart, that you had healed
Of those ~~so~~^{sole} smartings of the past,
And that the summers had oversealed
All mark of them at last.

But closely scanning in the night
I saw them standing crimson-bright
Just as she made them;
Nothing could fade them;
Yea, I can swear
That there they were,
They still were there!

Then ~~But~~^{Vision} the ~~dear~~^{cut} of her who made them came,
And looking over my shoulder said,
"I am sure you deal me all the blame
For those ~~keen~~^{sharp} smartings & red;
But meet me, dearest, to-morrow night,
In the churchyard at the moon's half-height,
And ~~share~~^{so strange} a kiss
Shall be mine, I wis,
That you ^{'ll cease to know} ~~worthless~~
If the wounds, you show
~~be there or no~~
Be there or no,
~~no more are there.~~"

After the Burial

2

... buried him.

I thought, my heart, that you had
of these things, and I thought
but that the summer was over
the world of them is lost
is a church, standing in the night
I am alone, standing in the night
just as the world is
nothing could be done;
and I am alone
that were they not
they still were there.

And the thought of his who made them come
and looking over my shoulder
I am sure you have not all the same
for these things were to be
the most we have, in our night
in the churchyard, by the grave's half-light
and there is this

Black is the
the world is
the world is
the world is
the world is

6 [Printed in moments of vision]

Old Excursions

What's the good of going to Ridgeway,
Cerne, or Sutton Mill,
Or to Yell'ham Hill,
Blithely bearing Casterbridge-way,
As we used to do?
She will no more climb up there,
Or be visible anywhere
In those haunts we knew.

But to night while walking weary
Near me seemed her shade,
Come as 'twere to upbraid
This my mood in deeming dreary
Scenes that used to please;
And, if she did come to me,
Still solicitous, there may be
Good in going to these.

So I'll care to roam to Ridgeway,
Cerne, or Sutton Mill,
Or to Yell'ham Hill,
Blithely bearing Casterbridge-way
As we used to do,
If her ^{phantom} ~~ghost~~ flits out there,
And may meet me anywhere
In those haunts we knew.

April 1913.
(copied)

After the Burial

... buried him.

2
3

2

[Faint, mirrored text from the reverse side of the page, likely bleed-through. The text is mostly illegible but appears to be a narrative or a list of items.]

[Faint handwritten text at the bottom right corner.]

7
ONE POEM FROM HUMAN SHOWS etc. 1925.

(Fair Copy)

Yale University.
(manuscript volume)

*Any little old song
Will do for me
Tell it up, Johnny, long
Or just a bit*

Any little old Song. (p.666. Collected Poems)

*And when I want not
On little things,
And for something just not
That you say things
I only want the honestest
Of heart things*

Note. R.L. Purdy in his Bibliography of Thomas Hardy
O.U.P. 1954 makes no mention of this finished
draft.

...sequently bound into the manuscript volume by
the Bodleian craftsmen.

After the Burial

And he had buried him.

3

"Any Little Old Song."

Any little old song
Will do for me,
Tell it of joys gone long,
Or joys to be,
Or friendly faces best
Loved to see.

Newest themes I want not
On subtle strings,
And for thrillings pant not
That new song brings:
I only need the homeliest
Of heartstirrings.



After the Burial

... buried him.

2
3

5

TEN POEMS FROM WINTER WORDS -1928.

(Rough drafts and
1 fair copy)

Queen's College, Oxford.

(Manuscript volume)

(with one poem missing -
in the possession of Sir
Sydney Cockerell)

~ Childhood among the Ferns ~

The Three Tall Men	(p. 814)	Collected Poems
Concerning his Old Home	(p. 820)	" "
A Poet's Thought	(p. 826)	" "
In the Marquee*	(p. 835)	" "
A Gentleman's Second-Hand Suit	(p. 843)	" "
At Moonrise, or We used to go - (Published as <u>Seeing the Moon Rise</u>)	(p. 845)	" "
Burning the Holly	(p. 848)	" "
Suspense	(p. 851)	" "
In the Matter of an Intent (Published as <u>A Philosophical Fantasy</u>)	(p. 853)	
Dead Wessex	(p. 874)	

* 2nd page missing (4 stanzas)

Note: Amongst these drafts was the finished one for the poem
He resolves to say no More - the lyric which Hardy in-
tended should close the volume, as it did after his death.
This draft was carried to Queen's College and presented
to the Provost and Librarian by ~~Miss Hardy~~, ~~with the per-~~
~~mission of~~ the Trustees of the Hardy Estate in 1955, and
it was subsequently bound into the manuscript volume by
the Bodleian craftsmen.

Winter Words

... buried him

2 5 6
3

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The Three Tall Men

[Best]

"What's that tapping at night: tack, tack,
In some house in the street at the back?"

"O, 'tis a man who, when he has leisure,
Is making himself a coffin to measure.
He's ~~so~~ very tall, ~~that~~ no carpenter
Will make it long enough, ~~for his~~ ^{to} fear."
The second time: x

The second turning - $\frac{x}{2}$ -

"That tapping has begun again
 which ceased a year back, or near then?"

His father, was ~~shot~~ ^{shockingly shot for} ~~for a man~~ of his kind,
And it left a great impression on him."

"Yes, 'tis the man you heard before,
Making his coffin. The first sence done
His brother died - his only one,
And, being of his own height, or more,
He gave it to him, for he was afraid
He'd not get a ^{long enough one, quick} ~~fit one~~ made.
He's making a second now, to fit
Hinney, when there shall be need for it -
The third time 3 -

The Mining 3 -

"It's ~~very~~ strange, but years ^{back}, when I was here
 I used to notice a tapping near;
 A man was making his coffin at night-;
 And he made a second, if I am right-?
~~Now~~ I have heard ^{again} the self-same tapping-
 'Twas late last night - or was I napping?"

Confession with or without ^{by rule of Court} ~~method~~
That they ~~take~~ ^{are} ~~old~~ ⁱⁿ ~~agreement~~ ^{the} ~~at~~ ^{order} come
back

2
5
3
9

must be crossed and should be payable to BEARER. Any alteration from "Order" to "Bearer" must be signed by the Drawer.

all applications must be in multiples of £50.
Applications must be sent to Barclays Bank Limited, Head Office, 54, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3, or any of its Branches; or Lloyds Bank Limited, 39, Threadneedle Street, E.C.2, or any of its Branches; or Midland Bank Limited, 5, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.2, or any of its Branches; no application must be for less than £50.

1926.

Address (in full)

Name (in full)
(BLOCK LETTERS) (State if Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Signature

WANSSEA CORPORATION 5 PER CENT. REDEEMABLE STOCK, 1945-1952, according to terms of 28th September, 1926, and undertake to pay £99 10s. for every £100 of Stock, except the same or any less amount that may be allotted to me, and to pay for the same in full with the terms of the said Prospectus.

I hereby apply for £ $\frac{W}{I}$ per cent. on application, the sum of £

PINKERS HALL, AUSTIN FRILARS, LONDON, E.C.2.

WANSSEA CORPORATION, LIMITED,

WANSSEA CORPORATION REDEEMABLE STOCK, 1945-1952

FOR
FORM OF APPLICATION

Alotment No.

F. & B.

8
12
"O No. It's the same man. He made one
which his brother had; & a second was done -
For himself, as he thought. But lately his son
As tall as ~~himself~~^{he}, died; aye, & as trim;
And his sorrowful father bestowed it on him:
And now the man is making a third
To ^{be} used ^{for} himself when he is interested."

* [Later I paused in the town for a space;
~~But~~ ^{too} Of the tall man I could find no trace:
I hoped he seemed ^{his well earned} at last his place.

* or Many years later was brought to me
News that the man had died at sea.

Moods Concerning ^{his} ~~his~~ Old ^{Home} ~~House~~

Mood ~~First~~ I.

I wish to see it never -
That dismal place
With cracks in its floor -
I would forget it ever!

Mood ~~Second~~ II.

To see it once, that sad
And memories place -
Yes, just once more -
~~What more~~ I should be faintly glad!

Mood ~~Third~~ III.

To see it often again -
That friendly place
With its green low door -
I'm willing anywhen!

Mood ~~Fourth~~ IV.

I'll haunt it night & day -
That loveable place,
With its flowers' rich store,
That drives regret away!

After the Burial

8

9

A Poet's Thought.

It sprang up out of him in the dark,
And took ^{on the lightness ~~speed~~} ~~upon it the wings~~ of a lark:
It went from ~~the~~ his chamber along the city strands,
Lingered awhile, then leapt ^{all over the} ~~to other~~ lands.

It came back ^{maimed} ~~changed~~ & mangled. And the poet
When he beheld his offspring did not know it:-
^{Yea verily, birth} ~~Since its had taken form~~, Time's tongue had ^{loosed} ~~loosed~~ to him
^{Such travesties} ~~So many ways~~ that his old ^{thought} ~~idea~~ was ^{lost} ~~naught~~ to him.



After the Burial

8

ID

DORSET NATURAL HISTORY & ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

TELEPHONE: DORCHESTER 735

ASSISTANT SECRETARY
MRS. W. M. RIGLAR

CURATOR AND SECRETARY
R. F. DALTON, M.A.

FIELD SECRETARY
CAPTAIN R. V. R. FOSTER

DORSET COUNTY MUSEUM
DORCHESTER

Interviews should be by appointment. Personal enquiries should
be accompanied by a STAMPED envelope for reply.

12
11

In the Marquee.

It was ^{near last} ~~the~~ century's ending,
And ^{though not much to} ~~the~~ rate
In a world of getting & spending
~~to be much as things are valued.~~

To her it was great.

The scene was a London suburb
On a night of summer weather,
And the villas had back gardens
Running together.

He neighbours ^{behind}
~~Behind her house they~~ were dancing

Under a marquee;
Two violoncellos played there,
And violins three.

She had not been invited,
Although her lover was;
She lay beside her husband,
Perplexed at the cause.

Sweet after sweet quadrille rang;
Absence made her weep;
The tears dried on her eyelids
As she fell asleep.

She dreamt she was whirling with him
In this dance upon the green
To which she was not invited
Though her lover had been.

All

After the Burial

9

10

11

A gentleman's second-hand suit.

Here it is hanging in the sun

By the pawn-shop door,

A men's suit - all its ^{revels} gay days done
~~Remained in the~~ of heretofore

Well ~~once~~ used to the dancers' spin & sway,
As tokens show;

What ~~has it~~ seen, what ~~could it~~ say
If it did but know!

Superfine

The sleeve bears still ^{old puffs} some print of powder,

Rubbed from her arms, ^{swelled} ~~when~~ louder
When she warmed up as the notes ~~swelled~~ ^{swelled}
And livened her charms -

Or rather theirs, for beauties many
^{pleant} ~~leant~~ there, no doubt,

Leaving these tell-tale traces when he
Whiled them about.

Its cut seems rather in ^{bygone} ~~old~~ style

On looking close
So it may ^{not} have ^{lent} ~~lent~~ it for some while
To the dancing pose:

Any how, ^{once} ~~often~~ within its clasp

^{Hung} ~~where~~ Fair partners hung
Assenting ^{yielding them} ~~to the~~ ^{wearer's grasp} ~~to the~~
^{with soft sweet} ~~and~~ ^{long} ~~and~~ ^{long}

Where is, alas, the gentleman
Who ~~was~~^{wore} this suit?

And where his ladies? Tell none can:
Gossip is mute.

Some of them may forget him quite
Who ^{gnawed} brushed his sleeve,

Some think of a ^{wild} ~~particular~~ night
With him, & grieve



W
Issue. T
investors
£5 1s. 0d
Sho
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Dear Sir

FOSTER & BRA
JOHN BRAITHWAITE.
RUD. BRAITHWAITE.
MRS. BRAITHWAITE.
TELEGRAMS: "BRAITHWAITE"
ABLES: "BRAITHWAITE"
LONDON W.
CENTRAL.
TELEPHONES:
PRIV.

After the Burial

8.
ID 11

F.B.

Application No. _____

Allotment No. _____

FORM OF APPLICATION

FOR

Ealing Corporation 5% Redeemable Stock, 1946-1950.

ISSUE OF £750,000 STOCK AT £99 PER CENT.

To CORPORATION & GENERAL SECURITIES, LIMITED,
PINNERS HALL, AUSTIN FRIARS, LONDON, E.C.2.

I/We hereby apply for:—

(See Note
below.)

*£ _____ (say _____ pounds) of the
EALING CORPORATION 5 PER CENT. REDEEMABLE STOCK, 1946-1950, according to the conditions
contained in the Prospectus of the 23rd November, 1926, and undertake to accept the same or
any less amount that may be allotted to me/us and to pay for the same in conformity with
the terms of the said Prospectus.

I/We enclose the required deposit of £ _____, being £5 per cent. on the nominal
amount applied for.

PLEASE
WRITE
DISTINCTLY.

Signature _____

Full Name (in block capitals) _____
(State whether Mrs. or Miss, and Title, if any.)

Address _____

Date _____ November, 1926.

This Form must be filled up and sent to Barclays Bank Limited, 54, Lombard Street, E.C.3, or
any of its Branches; Lloyds Bank Limited, 39, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C., or any of its
Branches, with a cheque payable to "Bearer" for the amount of the deposit. Cheques must be crossed,
and any alterations from "Order" to "Bearer" must be signed by the drawer.

*No application must be for less than £50, and all applications must be in multiples of £50.

No receipt will be issued for payment on application, but an acknowledgment will be forwarded in due course
either by Letter of Allotment or by return of Deposit.

At Moonrise, or "We used to go."

We used to go to From-hill Barrow

To see Diana rise

Into the heath. ^{rims} ~~edges~~ skies,

Treading thicker by plough & harrow

Up the pathway - steep & narrow,

Singing a song.

Now we do not go there. Why?

~~Best burns not so high.~~

~~Best fails - tends to die!~~

Latterly we've only cunned her

With a passing glance

From window or door by chance,

^{Hoping} ~~thinking~~ to go again, high yonder

As we used, & gaze, & ponder,

Singing a song.

Whitherward we do not go:

Feet once quick are slow.

Amid the heath-logs: crackles:

After the Burial

11
13
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F.B.

App

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To

(See Note
below.)

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Burning the Holly.

O you are sad on Twelfth Night;
I notice: sad on Twelfth Night;
You are as sad on Twelfth Night
As any that I know.

"Yes; I am sad on that night,
It is certain! Sad on that night;
I am as sad on that night
And well ^{I may be so!} ~~may be~~ I know!"

Why are you sad on ^{Twelfth} ~~that~~ night,
Especially on Twelfth Night?
Why are you sad on Twelfth Night
When wit & laughter flow?

— "She'd been a famous dancer
^{till lately}
~~At one time~~; a dancer.
She'd been a famous dancer
^{Graceful} ^{with} ~~her~~ heel & toe.

— "And we were burning the holly
On Twelfth Night; the holly,
^{As people do}
~~burning~~ the holly —
Holly & mistletoe.

And while it popped & crackled
Amid the hearth-logs: crackled:

After the Burial

14

F.B.

App

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CODE-5th

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accompan

(See Note
below.)

No receipt will be issued

And while it popped & crackled,
And sputtered in the glow,

"In he walked & said to her,
In a slow voice he said to her,
Yes, ^{walking in he} ~~in he walked~~ & said to her
'We said before cock-crow.'

"Why did you not come out to me
As promised? Yes, come out to me?
Why did you not come out to me
Since you had sworn to go?"

"His eyes were dark & flashing
As flashed the holm-flame. Flashing,
His eyes were dark & flashing,
^{In their quick keen repetitions}
~~Age, now near a glow.~~

"As if she had been ready,
Had furtively been ready;
As if he had been ready,
For his instance, ^{lo!} ~~so~~

She clasped his arm & went with him
As his entirely: went with him.
She clasped his arm & went with him
Into the ^{sprinkling} ~~falling~~ snow.

8
13
After the Burial
The family had buried him

16
F.B.

Ap

2
(See Note
below.)

3⁷
 The holly crackled & popped still,
 We heeded not it popped still:
 The holly crackled & popped still....
 'Twas said they crossed the line.

And we saw
 "And then the prickly leaves ^{waste} ~~dried~~
 To ashes. The prickly leaves ^{waste} ~~dried~~.
 The ^{brave} ~~brave~~ ^{prickly} ~~prickly~~ leaves ^{waste} ~~dried~~....
 The pair had gone also
 as they were seen on Plymouth Hoe.

Signified
 higher

On
 On Twelfth night, two years after —
 On a Twelfth night, two years after —
 On Twelfth night, two years after
 We sat, ~~with~~ spirits low,

72
 10
 90

Musing ^{back} ~~just~~ ^{seeing} ~~thought~~, when the door ^{opened}
 Without a knock. The door ^{opened}
~~to~~ ^{flashed on} ~~thought~~ of her. The door ^{opened},
 And she came in, pale, slow.

Against her breast a child clasped
 a child clasped
 And as she ~~stood~~ ^{she stood there with} the child clasped,
 She ~~rocked~~ ^{and swung} it to & fro.

ago

Her ^{look alone} ~~eyes~~ the tale told;
 Without words ^{was} the tale told;
 Her ^{careworn} ~~eyes~~ the tale told,
 And her ^{eyes} ~~eyes~~ ^{seemed to grow}

But we still turn the holly
 Or Twelfth night; the holly
 As people do: the holly,
 Holly & mistletoe.

One day next
 Before the spring she disappeared,
 The second time she disappeared....
 And that time when she disappeared
 { Came back no more
 { She came again? Ah no!

After the Burial
The family had buried him

17

13

F.B

(See Not
below.)

Suspense.

A clamminess hangs over all like a clout,
The fields are a water-colour washed out
The sky at its edge leaves a chink of light,
Like the lid of a pot that will not ^{close} ~~fit~~ light.

She is away by the ^{groaning} ~~moaning~~ sea,
Strained at the heart, & waiting for me;
Between us our foe from a hid retreat
Is watching, to ^{injure} ~~take~~ us if we meet.

But it counts

It matters little, however we fare —

Whether we meet, or I get not there;

The sky will look the same thereupon,

And the wind & the sea — go groaning on.

WEL: BCO'DM

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Some people say it is

And though not so

It makes me feel

Call me if you

LONDON E.C.3

13, LEICHHAM STREET

After the Burial

Frederick O. Owen

I am, Yours faithfully,

With compliments,

return to me the Enquiry Form herewith.

receive my Advice Letter occasionally, please be good enough to fill up and
take advantage of this present opportunity but would nevertheless like to
settlement. (Please see page 4 of Advice Letter herewith.) If you do not
Hundreds of my present Clients will testify to my fair dealings and prompt

prospects of same.
If you have any securities which you wish to dispose of I shall always

pleased to quote you a price or give you an unbiased opinion as to the
purchase them for you and deliver them in the usual way.
course, if you prefer to pay in full for the shares and take delivery, I will

I shall be pleased to open any number of these shares for you on a margin
of 6d. per share and enclose an Application Form for your convenience. Of

the opportunity by passing me instructions at once.
within the next three or four weeks. You should certainly take advantage of
which are at present standing at around 5/4½ will be considerably higher
developing and enlarging their business. My information is that these shares
acquired a further number of shops on the South Coast and are very actively
the proprietors of the well known AMAMI preparations. They have recently
enlarging upon here. The Company own 171 Retail Chemist Shops and are also

The above Company's business is so well known as to need very little

TAYLOR'S (CASH CHEMISTS) TRUST LTD. DEFERRED ORDINARY SHARES.

appreciation.
after). Here is another share which I strongly recommend for early Capital
I advice have made splendid profits. (Please see page 3 of Market Advice
less in price. Some of them very considerably, and clients who followed
ESTALURGICAL, KEFFI CONSOLIDATED TINS, MAYPOLE DAIRY, etc. They have all
companies as HOLBOROUGH CEMENT, ASSOCIATED TINS OF NIGERIA, CHEMICAL AND
During the past few months I have advocated dealing in the shares of such

ions have been more than justified by results.
me particularly interesting and will agree that in the past my recommenda-
th those I have sent you from time to time I am sure that you will find

If you will read the enclosed Weekly Market Advice Letter in conjunction

Dear Sir or Madam,

REF.: FCO/DW.

August 29th, 1927.

LONDON, E.C. 3.

12, FENCHURCH STREET,

FREDERICK O. OWEN,
STOCK AND SHARE BROKER.

TELEPHONE - ROYAL 3639.
"OWEN & OWEN, STOCK LONDON."
CODES
GENTLEY'S A.B.C. 6TH EDITION.

Dead "Wexen"

In The Matter of an Intent

A conversational Fantasy.

"Milton..... made God argue." Walter Bagehot.

"Well, if thou wilt, then, ask me;
To answer will not task me:
I've a response, I doubt not,
And quite agree to flout not
~~thy~~ ^{thy} questions, if of reason,
~~Even~~ ^{Alas} though not quite in season.

So hasten with thy pleading:
Some ^{lore} ~~good~~ may lie in heeding
Thy irregular proceeding."

Since never my lack of forethought
Copes with thy more & more thought.

"This unfulfilled intention,
~~Ruler~~ ^{Ruler} I am fain to mention:—

Will you in condescension
This evening, ere we've parted,
Say why you felt faint-hearted,
And let your aim be thwarted,
Its glory be diminished,
Its concept stand unfinished?
Such I ask you, Sir or Madam,
(I know no more than Adam,
Even vaguely, what your sex is,
An ignorance that still vexes
Some people not a little)
And though not me one tittle
It makes me sometimes choose me
Call you It, if you'll excuse me?"

"Think not it drives me furious
That thou shouldst be so curious,

though

After the Burial

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Dead "Wesson"

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23

omit

~~Though deemed throughout the ages~~
~~That it must, by all the sages!~~
 Call me it with a good conscience,
 And be sure it is all nonsense
 That I mind a fault of manner
 In a pigmy towards his planner!
 — How mean must clay-wrought man be
 To dream such folly can be
 As that feaps of my own framing
^{indifferent, & unburning}
~~Should~~ ^{can} set my visage flaming —
 Start me volleying interjections
 Against my own confessions,
 As the Jews & others limned me,
 And in fear & trembling hymned me!

Call me blind force persisting,
 I shall remain unblinking;
 Call me but dream projected,
 I shall not be affected;

(in timeless truth
 Though, between ourselves, there never
 Was a man like him whatever.)

—
 "Forsooth, then, that I'll pardon:
 And, since Adam's mentioned to me,
 I'll meet thee in the garden
 (As I ~~once~~ ^{not} did him, beshrew me!)
 In the cool of a future daytime —
 Say, just about the Maytime
 Of my next, or next, Creation?
 (I love procrastination)
 Or any passing shay-time —
 One of my representatives
 In some later incarnation
 I mean, of course, well knowing
 Thy present conformation
 But a unit of my tentatives,
 Of which such heaps lie blowing
 As dust, where Thou art going;
 Yea, passed to where suns glow not,
 Begrieved of those that go not,
 (Though what grief is, I know not.)

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"Perhaps I may inform thee,
In case I should alarm thee,
That no dramatic stories
Like ~~those~~ ancient ones whose core is

A mass of superstition
And ~~presently~~ ^{monkish} imposition
Will mark my explanation
Of the world's ~~some~~ ^{sore} situation,

For treatment ~~But one more~~ scientific

More ^{sensitive} ~~than~~ ^{personal} & specific -

^{stuff} with ^{out} moral features,
(^{Such} ~~which~~ I've no sense of ever,

Or of ethical endeavour,

Or of justice to ^{earth's} ~~one's~~ creatures.)

~~Such as craved by human teachers~~

~~And~~ ^{which} ~~though~~ right enough, I daresay,

To me ~~but~~ known by hearsay,

~~As~~ ^{substance} ~~Time~~ has rendered

~~out of~~ ^{that} ~~substance~~ I engendered,

I would add ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~while~~ ^{to} unknowing

~~of~~ this justice ~~to~~ ^{backward} owing.

Hold me not thereof a spurner,

Or averse to be a learner.

Through Time & a definition
Quite outside my recognition.

along, uses
and power, later
first malleable matter
As though from
But to me 'tis

Not explanation of being &
Of what is meant by suffering.

1925.

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STREET,

22
Hold me not thereof a ~~scouter~~ spurner,
Or averse to be a learner.

"To return from wordy wandering
To the question we were pondering;
Though in viewing world-work my way,
I do not see it thy way,
As 'unfulfilled intention',
Which is past my comprehension,
~~Being unconscious~~ in my doings
~~So largely~~ ~~Being unconscious~~, (whence thy rueings.)

However, I'll advise him -
Him thy scion, who will walk here
~~After~~ ^{when} death hath dumb'd thy talk here -
In phrase that may surprise him,
What thing it was befel me, &
(A thing that my confessing
Lack of forethought helps thy guessing)
And acted to compel me
To that line of least resistance
^{which men call inconsistency,}
And saddens thy existence,
And makes thee think my scheming
Not that of my first dreaming.

1925.

Give ~~for~~ ^{an} ~~unfulfilled~~ ^{intention} ~~which~~ ^{is} ~~past~~ ^{my} ~~comprehension~~ ⁱⁿ ~~my~~ ^{doings}
May be ~~unfulfilled~~ ^{intention} ~~which~~ ^{is} ~~past~~ ^{my} ~~comprehension~~ ⁱⁿ ~~my~~ ^{doings}
Z or love ~~unfulfilled~~ ^{intention} ~~which~~ ^{is} ~~past~~ ^{my} ~~comprehension~~ ⁱⁿ ~~my~~ ^{doings}
Which ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~past~~ ^{my} ~~comprehension~~ ⁱⁿ ~~my~~ ^{doings}
May ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~unfulfilled~~ ^{intention} ~~which~~ ^{is} ~~past~~ ^{my} ~~comprehension~~ ⁱⁿ ~~my~~ ^{doings}

That purposeless propensity
Which is mine, & not intention.

After the Burial

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Dead "Wessex"
To the ~~Household~~ ^{Household} ~~Wessex~~ ^{Wessex}

[no copy]

23

Do you think of me at all,
^{Wistful}
~~Wistful~~ ones?

Do you think of me at all
As if nigh?

Do you think of me at all
At the creep of evenfall,
Or when the sky-birds call
As they fly?

Do you look for me at times,
^{Wistful}
~~Wistful~~ ones?

Do you look for me at times,
~~Wistful~~ still?

Do you look for me at times,
When the horn for ^{walking} ~~evening~~ chimes,
On that ^{grassy path that} ~~house of evening~~ climbs
Up the hill?

Should you call as when I knew you,
^{Wistful}
~~Wistful~~ ones,

Should you call as when I knew you,
Shared your home;

Should you call as when I knew you
I shall not turn to view you,
I shall not listen to you,
Shall not come.

You may hear a jump or trot,
^{Wistful}
~~Wistful~~ ones,
You may hear a jump or trot -
Mine, as there -
You may hear a jump or trot
On the stair or path or plot;
But I shall cease it not,
Be not there.

After the Burial

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The unplanted Primrose.

"A pink primrose from the plant he knows
Let me send him in his far spot,
From the root I brought to his garden-knot
When he dwelt herefrom but a little mile;
A root I had reared at that time of love,
And of all my stock the best that I rove,
Which he took with so warm a smile."

Such ~~the maiden~~ ^{she sang and} said, & ~~away~~ ^{afflush} she sped
To her love's old home hard by
Ere he left that nook for the wider sky
Of a southern country unassayed.
And she crept to the border of early stocks,
Of pansies, pinks, & hollyhocks,
Where their vows & the gift were made.

"It has not bloomed!" And her glances gloomed
As she missed the expected hue.
"Yet the rest are in blow the border through;
Nor is leaf or bud of it evident.
Ah, can it have died of an over-care
In its tendance, sprung of his charge to spare
No pains for its nourishment?"

She turned ^{her round} ~~away~~ from the wrong ones found
To the seat where a year before
She had brought it him as the best of her store,
And lo, on a ledge of the wall she neared,
Lay its withered skeleton, dry & brown,
Untouched since there he had laid it down
When she ^{waited} ~~waited~~ & disappeared.

1865-67. Westbourne Park Villas.
(From old M.S.)

H/1957.39.1

After the Burial

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To a Bridegroom.

Swear to love & cherish her?
 She might moan were beauty's throne
 Beauty's sepulchre.

Think her not so new as now,
 Staid, with here & there a blur
 On her cheek & brow.

Fancy men to change & say,
 "No great gods with gifts endow
 This fine-feathered jay."

Should infirmity succeed,
 Who will each & every day
 Rush to his invalid?

Think her little fingers rough,
 Dresses thin; her satin braid
 Seest sorriest stuff.

~~Spread~~ ^{Spread} a tale that wronged her fame,
 Who'd not feel "Of her enough!
 Love is a foolish game?"

Grew her love too wild to own,
 Who'd not, with some sense of shame,
 Hide a secret groan?

Swear to love & cherish her?
 She might moan were beauty's throne
 Beauty's sepulchre.

1866 (abridged).

H/1957-24-2



After the Burial

17 1 2
The night was dark and stormy
The wind was howling and the rain
was falling fast.

The night was dark and stormy
The wind was howling and the rain
was falling fast.

The night was dark and stormy
The wind was howling and the rain
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The night was dark and stormy
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The night was dark and stormy
The wind was howling and the rain
was falling fast.

The night was dark and stormy
The wind was howling and the rain
was falling fast.

1800

The Hatband.

She held it out. "But you can't both have it," she said;
And hesitating they stood. The boom of the bell
For the maiden came across as her fond farewell:—

^{That} One was the friend of the dead,
The second her lover, there needed no words to tell.

They looked at the object — a hatband the parish folk
Would borrow at times of the well-to-do woman who spoke:
Its trailing two-yards' length had grown rusty & bare
From much promiscuous wear.

"Decide between you," she added, & handed it over,
Whereon their faces appeared as much stressed at the choice
As the one at the loss of his friend, of his sweetheart the lover;
And still did the bell thro' forth, as with querying voice,
Which head the crape symbol should cover?

"You take it," at last said the friend, standing back with a sigh:
"You were dearer to her than was I."

The streamer was tied on the hat with a love-knot of white,
And they hurried away, & shared in the last sad rite.

^{Next} The Sunday came; & pending the due church-hour
There stood, hot, playing at fives, by the western tower,
The kuddy young lover, as often aforetime there:

And

After the Burial

3

1

2

2
Hats.
1

And the long black love-knotted hatband blew wild in the air
With his rushings everywhere.

Then murmured her friend, as he slowly drew near that day,
"I might just as well, truly, have had it! Alas, could not he
Refrain him for one little week, out of bare loyalty?"

But ~~as~~ young ^{love} ~~man~~ is ^{brief} ~~young~~; let him play:
Yet never this sight, had the sad sign been worn here by me!"

Note. - It should be remembered that hatbands were formerly
worn hanging down ^{behind} to the waist, & tied with a bow of white ribbon
when the deceased was a young unmarried woman. It was re-
tained for the service on the Sunday following the funeral.

After the Burial

4

As the day drew near, the weather became very
warm and the sun shone brightly.

The funeral was held at the church and was
attended by many friends.

The burial took place in the cemetery and
the remains were laid to rest.

The service was conducted by the pastor and
was very touching.

The family was very sad to see the
last of their loved one.

The day after the burial, the family
went to the beach for a walk.

The weather was very pleasant and the
sea was calm.

The family spent the day in a very
peaceful manner.

The day after the burial, the family
went to the beach for a walk.

The weather was very pleasant and the
sea was calm.

The family spent the day in a very
peaceful manner.

She would welcome old Tribulations

[not used]

5

I see a fresh-checked figure,
Rising but three feet high,
Shrink on the stony track here
From the sea-well lifting nigh:
The little one is I.
Ah, could the time come back here,
Shrinking & all, I cry!

I see the bathing woman,
Sturdy & stout & crowned:
She swings me by the shoulder,
And flouts my gasps, half-drowned;
O now for that swishing sound,
The sea's slap, cold & colder;
Could it again come round!

I pause beside these places,
Under no eye, but free;
I have no childish Terror
Of hands to capture me
My discipline's decree;
I am not chid for error,
Yet - could it once more be!

About 1900.

H/1957.39.4



After the Burial

5

4

The morning after the burial

I see a fresh, cheerful figure
standing in the front yard
looking on the dead with a smile
and the tears are not in his eyes
The little one is still
in the coffin, but he is not
dead - he is only sleeping

I see the father and mother
standing in the front yard
looking on the dead with a smile
and the tears are not in their eyes
The little one is still
in the coffin, but he is not
dead - he is only sleeping

I see the father and mother
standing in the front yard
looking on the dead with a smile
and the tears are not in their eyes
The little one is still
in the coffin, but he is not
dead - he is only sleeping

After the Burial

Thoughts from Sophocles
Oed. Col. 1200-1250. [95]

Who would here sojourn for an outstretched spell
^{Feels} Has senseless promptings, to the thinking gaze,
Since pain comes high & higher with lengthening days,
And nothing shows that joy will ever up & well.

Death is the remedy that ^{cures} ~~at~~ ^{at} call
The doubtful joys of black & white arrays.
What are song, laughter, what the frosted mags,
Beside the frow of knowing no truth at all?

Gaunt age is as some blank ^{gray} upstanding beak
Chafed by the billows of a northern shore
And facing friendless cold calamity
That strikes upon its features worn & weak
Where sunshine bird & bloom ^{frequent} ~~are seen~~ no more,
And cowl of cloud wrap the stars' radiancey.

H/1957.39.5